GENDER FUCK

ISSUE THREE

TABLE OF CONTENTS

3. *Baby Heads*
Tyler Selarno (he/him)
@tylersalerno_

Bird Shit
Beverley Bradley (she/her)
@globsterbaby

4. *Poem*
Anonymous

Illustration
Stuart Obering (he/they)
@so.call.me.stu

5. *Prayers and Lamentats For Complete Totality: the Melancholy Hope of the Transexual Wearing a Strap-on*
Lipton Khan (they/them)
@liptongeneration

6. *Illustrations*
Khatàn Nagorniy (he/him)
@ya_khatannnn

7. *Fuck Fags i, ii & iii*
Dani Rivera (any/all)
@danii3i3.iiii

8. *Haints at Dawn*
Minerva Rose (she/her)
@gothmilfmafia420

9. *f*
Siena Fulton (she/her)
@stupidwishgirls

11. *GenderFuck Show Recap*

13. *ForceFem Victim Number one*
A.Decker (she/her)

14. *Illustration*
Khatàn Nagorniy

15. *One Must Feel Flesh or All Else is Folly*
June Horbach (she/her)
@hanatarash_official

17. *Bound*
GIGI Kotalik (they/her)
@magicalgirltransformat1on

19. *Reply Fragments of "To All The Closeted Femboys," r/femininеboys, 4y ago*
Marcie Flanagan (she/they)
@indorzzz

20. *Poems*
Rory Aurora (he/she)

21. *Potty Training*
Mason Harper (he/they)
@star.man.mua

25. *Poem*
Fish (she/it)
@dissident_design

26. *The First Time I Knew I Was a Lavender Menace/ Giving Up My Slut Title*
Vesper

27. *I Haven't Shaved*
Tyler Salerno

28. *I Love You Mom*
Mae Rooney
@maeshapirostudio

29. *Performed Violence and BDSM in Guinea Pig 2: Flowers of Flesh and Blood*
June Horbach

29. *Sounds From the Tunnel*

photos:
Lipton Khan &
Shane Shane Shane
@maximalistwench

audio documentation:
Marcie Flanagan

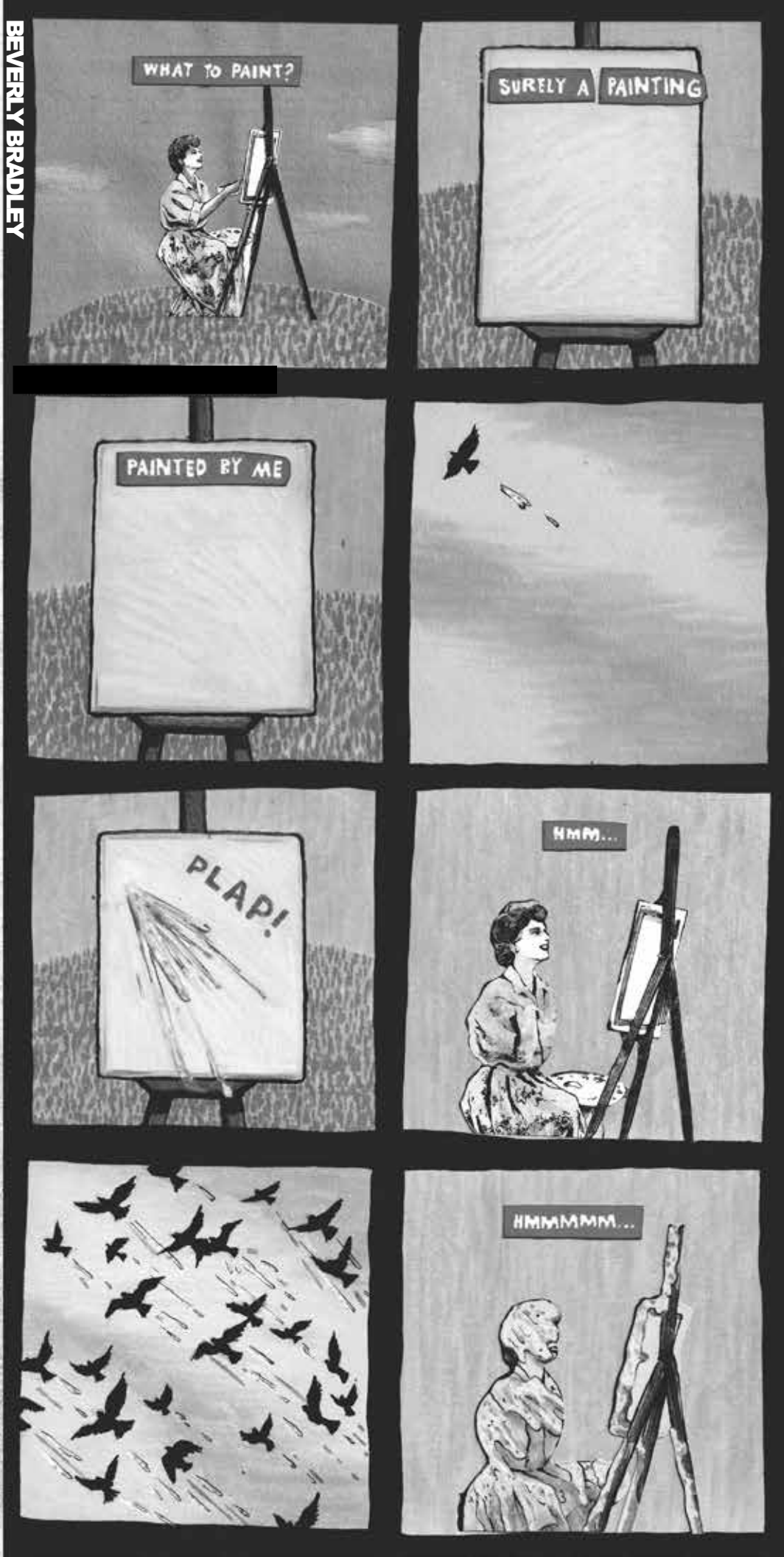
A Letter From the Editors...

HELLO AND WELCOME FAITHFUL GENDER FUCK READERS!!! WE ARE VERY EXCITED TO PRESENT TO YOU OUR THIRD ISSUE, WHICH JUST SO HAPPENS TO BE OUR FILTHIEST AND JOYFULLEST YET!!!! THANK YOU TO ALL OF THE LOVELY AND TALENTED ARTISTS WHOSE WORK GRACES THESE THIRTY SIX BEAUTIFUL PAGES!!!!

THIS RELEASE MARKS OUR FIRST FULL YEAR RUNNING GENDER FUCK AND IT HAS BEEN JUST AN ABSOLUTE DELIGHT!!! HAVING THE OPPORTUNITY TO MEET AND WORK WITH SO MANY WONDERFUL QUEER ARTISTS HAS BEEN A REAL TREAT AND WE LOOK FORWARD CONTINUING OUR SILLY LITTLE PLATFORM FOR YOUR RAMBLINGS, DESPERATE SCRIBBLES, HEARTFELT POEMS, AND FILTHY PHOTOGRAPHS!!!!!

SINCERELY, MARCIE AND JUNE

BEVERLY BRADLEY



Gmail

gender fuck <genderfwucksubmissions@gmail.com>

Zine submission???? Bad poem maybe???

1 message

[redacted] <[redacted]@gmail.com>
To: genderfwucksubmissions@gmail.com

Sat, Nov 8, 2025 at 1:24 PM

Sweet constriction, curl around tender parts
And hold gently my dear throat
To lick wet whispers into my ear
And hold me till my last haunting breath
Do you remember how you used to pin me down?
To force me empty in daylight?
You slither in my spine, you shake my head
You smother me cold, you smother me dead
The way in which you bargained
For favors unkind
The tale I told of violent deflowering,
shared with a trusting chest
You raped me again, bloodied and screaming
Boiling, hot, wet, and dreaming
And I wake in mournful tears

Prayers and Laments for Complete Totality; The Melancholy Hope of the Transexual Wearing a Strap-On

By Lipton Khan

I am fully sheathed, yet not there at all. I am flush against her yet we are only touching skin-to-skin. I am wholly inside her yet I could not bé farther.

I am greedy. I want more than her epidermis, more than her sweat, more than her piss, more than her tears and snot. More than her eyes, her teeth, her fingers, and her eyelashes. I want her blood, her stomach lining, her intestines. I want her frayed muscle fibers as I push her to what she thinks she can reach, and past that– I put her where I want her.

I want to be inside her. I want it more than anything she can give me.

She claws at me, beautifully sharp nails reducing my external shell to tatters. My skin is rough and flushed in her wake, hot holy lines across my back, my shoulders, my ribs. My armour is gone, it is discarded piece by piece; her deft hands strip me of what keeps me safe, of what keeps me afraid, of what keeps me inside of myself.

The internal shell remains.

Her voice drips into my ear canal, clinging to every crevice of cartilage like hot wax, like honey. She whimpers like a kicked dog and I lick the tears off of her sweet, soft, crushed-berry cheeks. Her loyalty is to no fault, I will take care of her. I will do it with aching limbs, I will do it with failing breath; I will take care of her, I will take care.

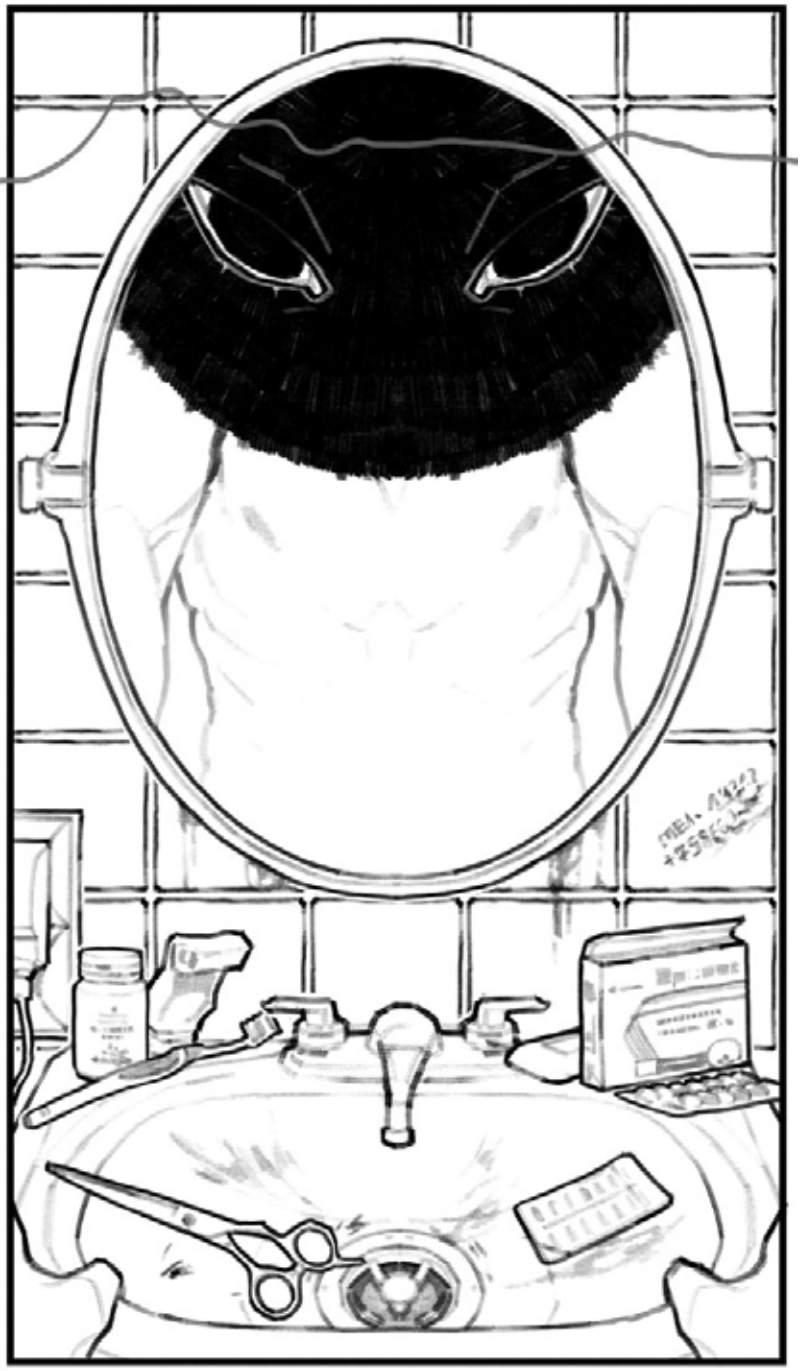
I feel myself, my extension of self, slide into her. I am fully there, I am nowhere near. I press even harder; her face contorts, her body sings, her voice breaks. She breathes and my name has never sounded closer to a declaration of having found God. I am fully there, I am hitting the breaking point, I am pushing past it, and yet the circuit is not complete.

I ache to feel her warmth, her wet heat, the desperate squeeze of her cunt. I cannot feel these things with anything but my fingers and tongue, my fist, my God-given appendages– Adam and Eve never argued over these things, they were happy with how they fucked.

I am Adam, I am Eve, I am the Rib. I am the Snake, wrapping myself around her; whispering to her promises of something never fully given, choking her with unattainable dreams. I am God, my heavy

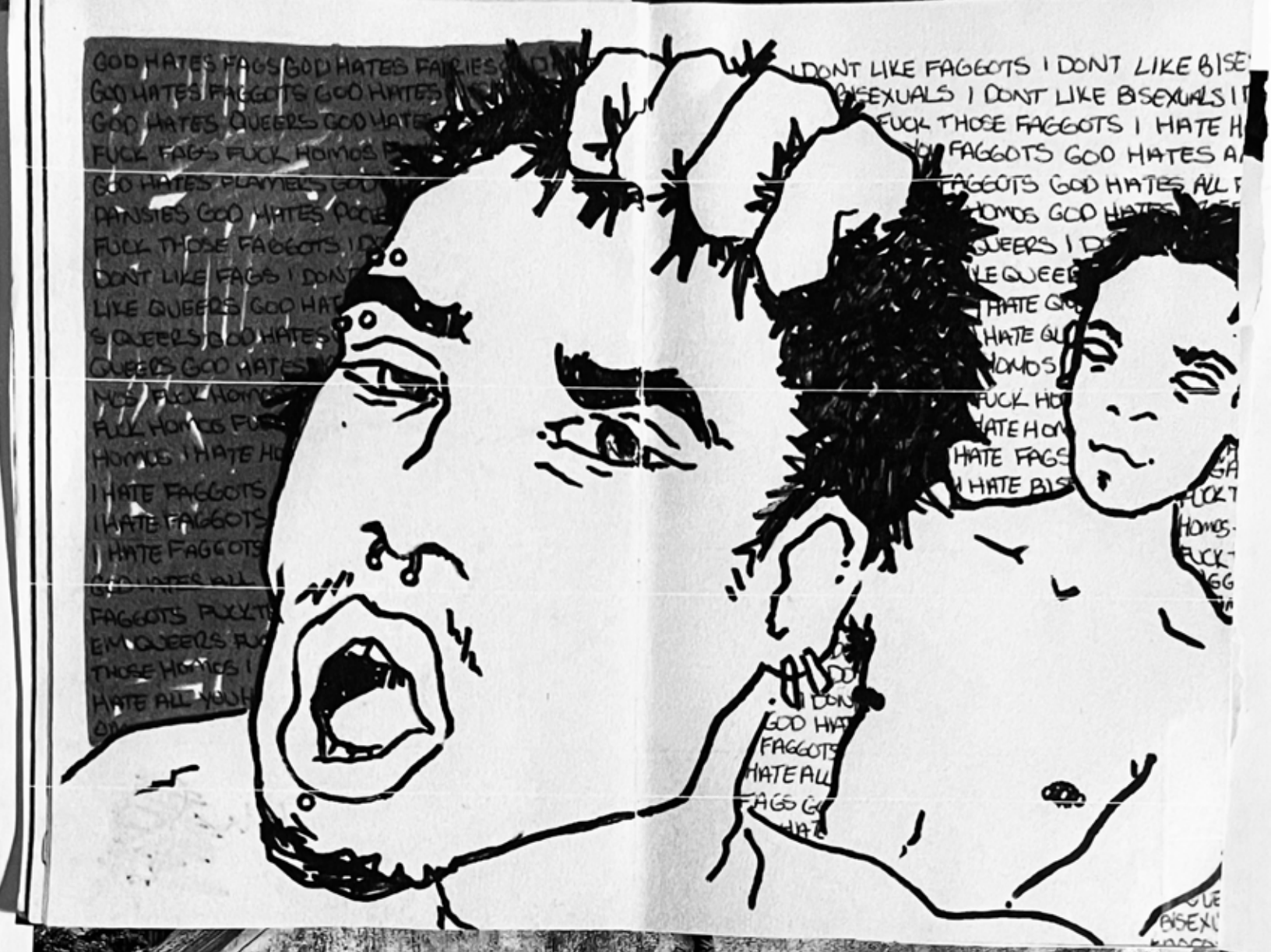
hands taking part in my own creation; scars that I asked for thick across my body, scars that I didn't sitting ghostly beside them. I am the Apple, something so tempting it damns you forever; semen thrust inside, made of something so addictingly immaterial.

I do not know if I will ever be able to chew her up and spit her out the way my bones desire. I will die trying.



KHATÀN NAGORNIY

FUCK FAGS!
DANI-RIVERA
FUCKING FAGGOTS
MALDITA MARICONES
¡QUEMEN TODA!


GOD HATES FAGS GOD HATES FAGGOTS
I DONT LIKE FAGGOTS I DONT LIKE BISEXUALS
FUCK THOSE FAGGOTS I HATE
FAGGOTS GOD HATES
I HATE FAGGOTS
I HATE FAGGOTS
I HATE FAGGOTS

HAINTS AT DAWN

MINERVA ROSE

The ice-wolf sits just outside my building-gate and watches me; he is quite cold: fur frozen still like mange and his senses quite numb. All feelings quite silent but a gnawing hunger — eyes yellow with it. Coldly he dreams of the hot-blooded meat of my soft-parts like breasts and lips and cock and liver and I do not reckon long to wonder: how warm and alien my blood would feel to an ice-wolf.

Inside the gate, I prattle to the cat that sits atop my speckled shoulders. Quite richly, its serrated tongue meanders around the drum of my ear. Ghosts and wolves and rats live on no evil star, in fact, he sits quite close just outside my building-gate, but as my cochlea crunches delicately in cat-teeth, and it kneads into my breasts: quite puffed and swollen, I hear only lapping as the wolf weeps. I hear only laughing from my soft belly. I hear only music.

f - siena fulton

examine it for yourself,
an embryonic malcontent that
springs up clad in
dark oyster shell, brewed and
sordid. left his brains hanging out
of the silo,
which was per regulation
100 feet below the ground,
making it a mere 20 feet above sea level.
there in the ditches, the warm
bodies of those springtimers,
on break from the real,
contorted and travelled shoulders level
with their knees,
with their eyes which we spread apart with our hands.
like play-dough. like salty spinning wheels, crashed into
rocky mountains of new centuries. make the call,
look at it yourself. see the 20's in the place where
the vice grip bites down on your skull,
the purpley-blue vein that canals across your
temple, where, when you touch it too hard, you feel
terrified that you could kill yourself, reach into the folds
of your brain and find the switch.

the central issue that you think about now is that,
nobody will do this for you. no more mother and father to
serve you black bread in the morning, before primary school. likewise,
no black truncheon to come crashing down, terror, fear, the
leather of his hands, on that soft crabshell temple.
you take it all in from transatlantic dirigible, no African plain,
no desert siphon. no wandering freighter.

re-entry. burning of the (first), the mouth and tongue, the (second)
throat and cheeks, the (third, but
simultaneous), the, windpipe. cadaver ditch-digger, hatchetman.
hangman:
can you guess the letters between the spaces? what would it take?, for
counter-intelligence, code breaking, your brave artillery pointed over
Karelia. iron stadiums. "Please remember, victor jara,"

but now, cadaver, inward. see my tongue rise above my teeth
like swells of a red sea. another lake drained. another aquifer
poisoned.
my toxic waste heart and your ambiguous sex, dimorphism, a philistine
correction that sinks quickly, ever quicker, towards oblivion in the
space between your
heart and your ribs.

I had an echocardiogram. I saw the fleshy
bounds of my heart, ventricles, chambers, dancing
and fluttering in suspended
aquarium vision, black, white, x-ray, thermal camouflage
and those undergrounders, their silos, their perpetual barrage,
came to mind. dervishes their dresses flitting back and forth
before my irises, which even now to me are less sure than ever.
I wish I could pour concrete down them, keep them from splitting,
fraying,
becoming fried egg meltdown mitosis cannibals.

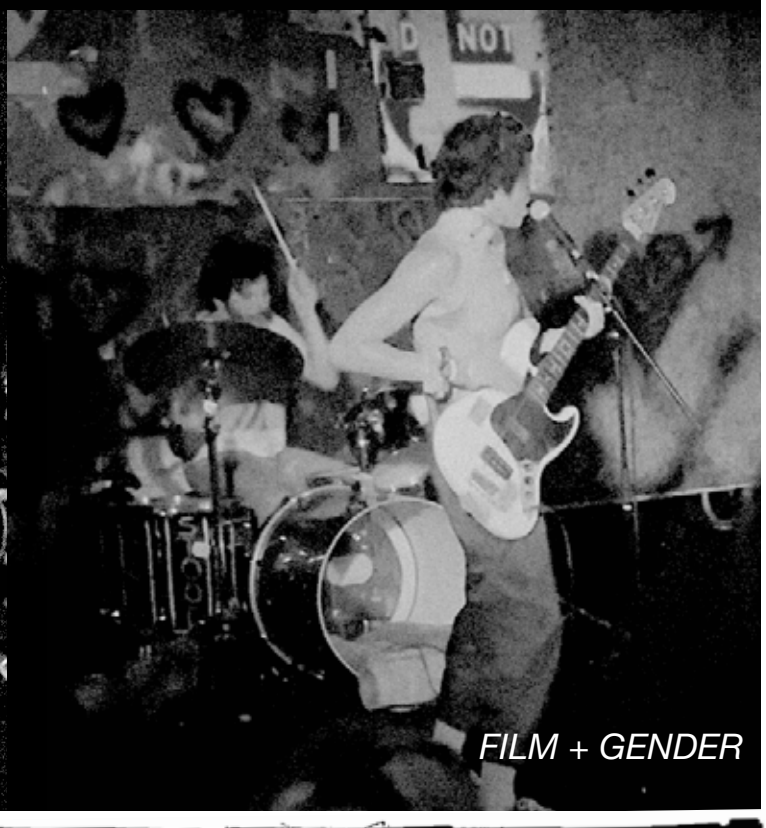
in your grey coat, general amnesty. now in garb of your class, you
are drunk, record the union meeting with diligence. clamp upper to
lower. siderails,
handrails, and of course, note the two full magazines you keep
under the bed. pray none of your scared little girlfriends
"bite the bullet", pray none of your tall angsty boys
crawl up from behind you and split your skull. IF they do,
and only if, let it at least be beautiful, spray of red mist
like a dawntime garden in the embrace of pacific daytime. rolling
hills of
grapes that are revealed slowly as the blanket of night unfolds over
the desert. if the
spray of blood can resemble this, this clarity, this moment, then
perhaps,
you can justify that (the risk, and the shame you get from this highly
entertaining
milieu).

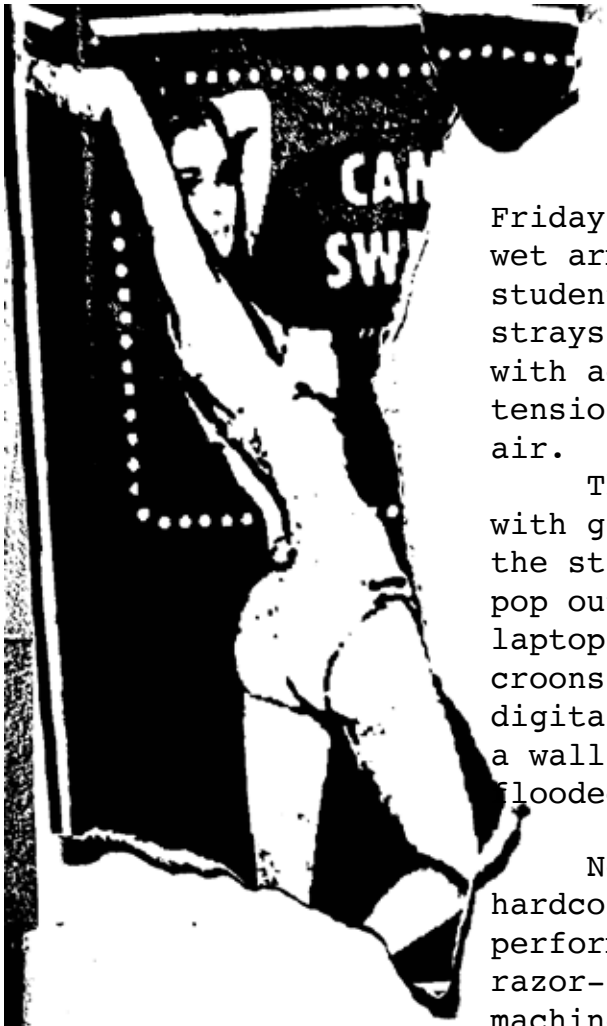
cadaver, informant, poster my petite terroriste.
sans pied noir ni otan et avec seulement vos
yeux bleus, climb out of hatches in the airport. open up
chasms in the vein. blow away that dusty little parchment
that proves we were innocent all along. commit it to suicide
memory, daylight ringing in the conquering bells,
the watchful syndicates breath on the glass
and taunt you with childlike drawings of dicks, smiley faces,
enemy acronyms, the "viva" the chant. Battle hymn, La Internationale,
the acrostics, the sheet music, the cypher ridged between lines
of HTML. all these are tucked in with you along seams in your
southerners quilt, your afghan wool,
your tardy paper bracelets.

cry out when you were setting up our television,
the outlet gave you a little shock.
you grasped, in a small way,
the pain that would come, the excruciating pain,
that would come with death.

GENDER FUCK

ZINE RELEASE SHOW!





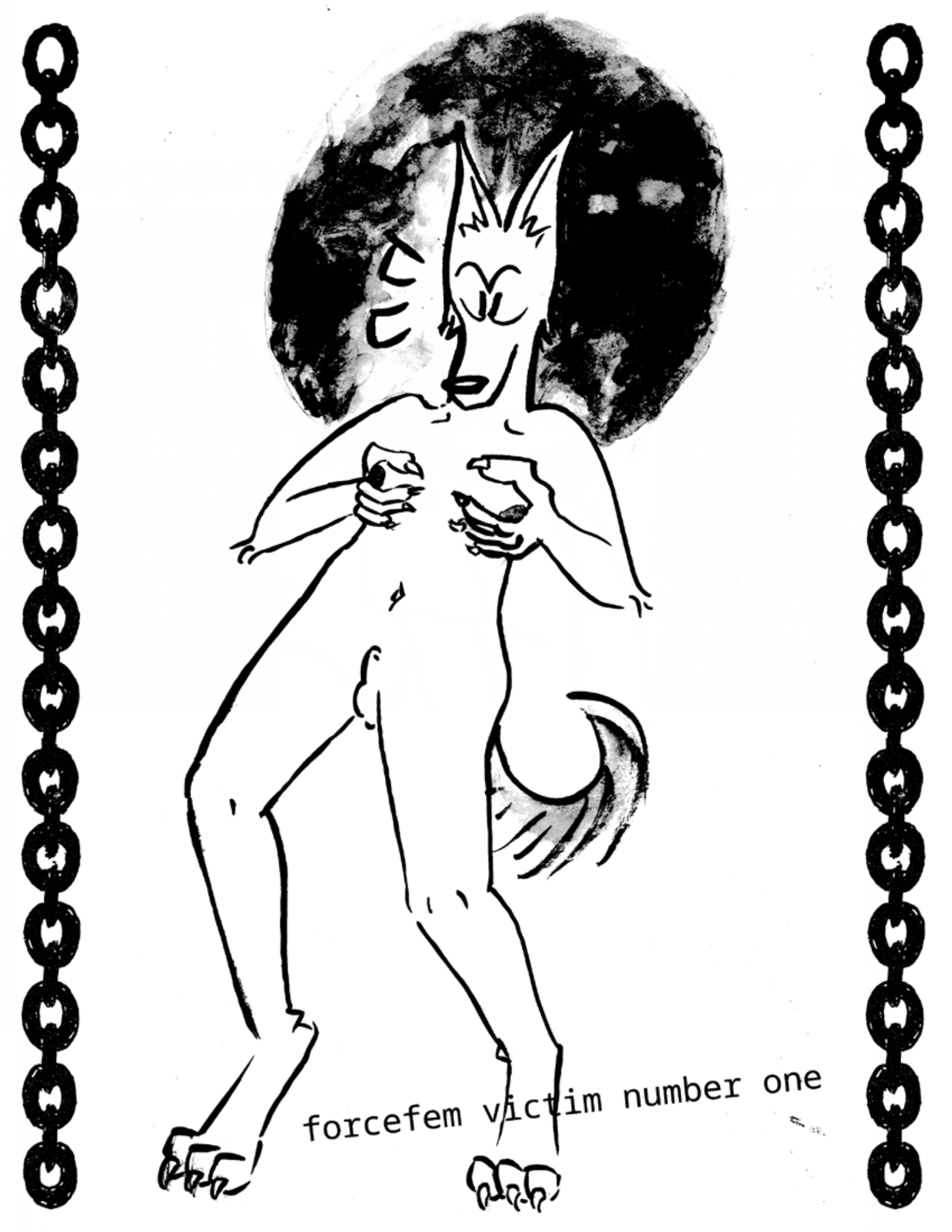
Friday Sept. 26 2025, SUNY PURCHASE: The Stood was a wet armpit, packed with the throng of college students: queers, ne'er-do-wells, perverts, and strays. It was a Friday night and campus was booming with activity and anticipation for the weekend; a tension of excitement and unpredictability filled the air.

The lights went down, the windows blacked out with garbage bags, and the first band, #woke, took the stage. The on-campus post-Xbox-360 experimental pop outfit consisted of three incredibly fashionable laptop operators. One member performed reverberated croons and screaming, another gently strumming digital distortions from a crusty DI electric guitar; a wall of otherworldly howls and ambient drones flooded the room, captivating the audience.

Next up was Latinacroft, a pummeling digital hardcore project from Long Island. The wolf-like performer dressed head-to-toe in black with razor-sharp hair spikes. At the controls of drum machines, samplers, synthesizers, and a wicked voice changer, Latinacroft unleashed an explosion of non-stop datamoshed, MySpace-esque, antagonistic rave chaos punctuated by wild synthetic shrieks blaring from the nearly-ablaze sound system.

Lastly, Film & Gender of Massachusetts graced the stage. The punk two piece attacked with blistering riffs, annihilating drums, and powerful vocal screams. Bodies collided left and right, spinning and contorting to the lightning rhythm

We would like to thank all the wonderful people who showed up, and even bigger “YOU ROCK” to those who snagged a copy of issue one, or two, or both. We look forward to even more exhibitions of absolute queer debauchery!!!


forcefem victim number one

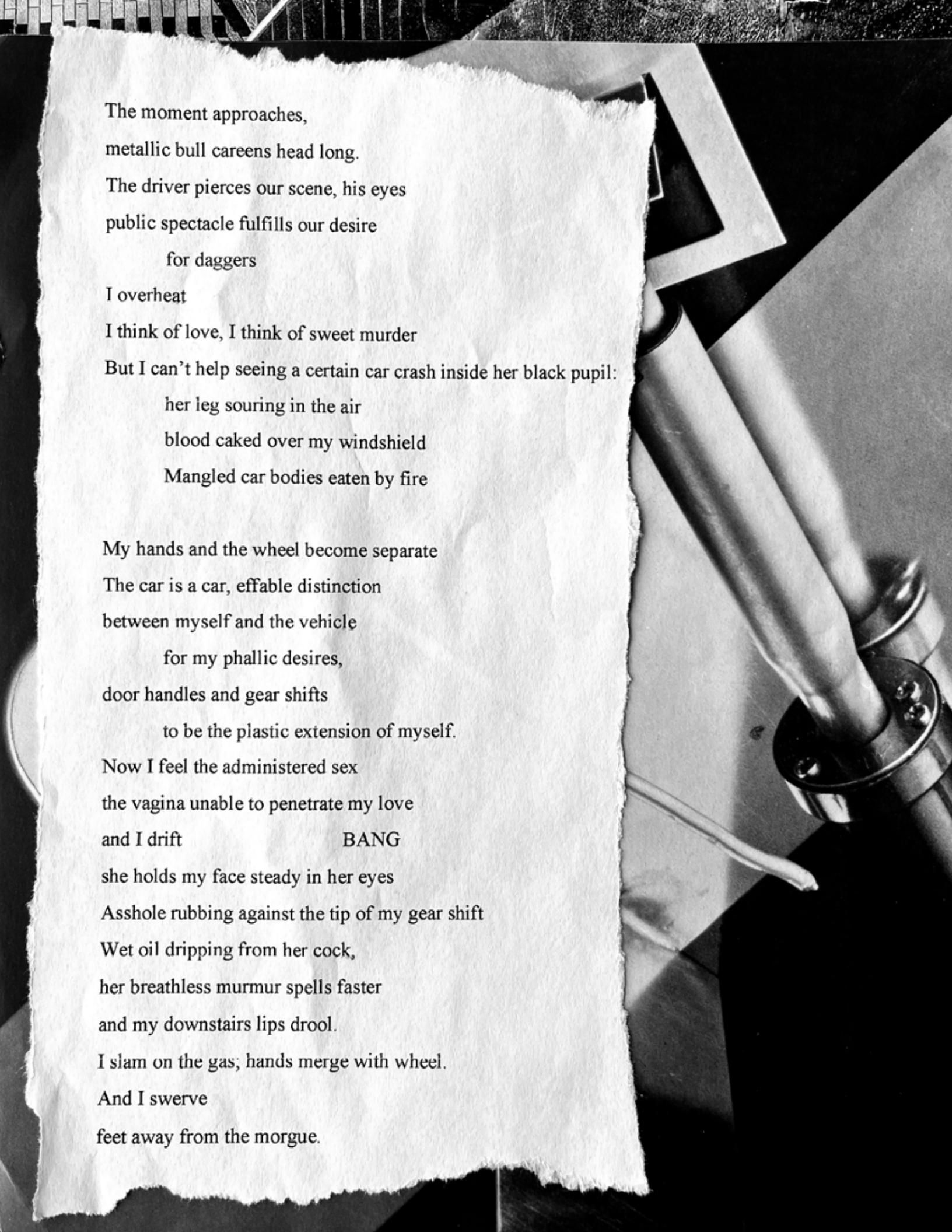
KHATÀN NAGORNIY

ONE MUST FEEL FLESH OR ALL ELSE IS FOLLY

JUNE HORBACH

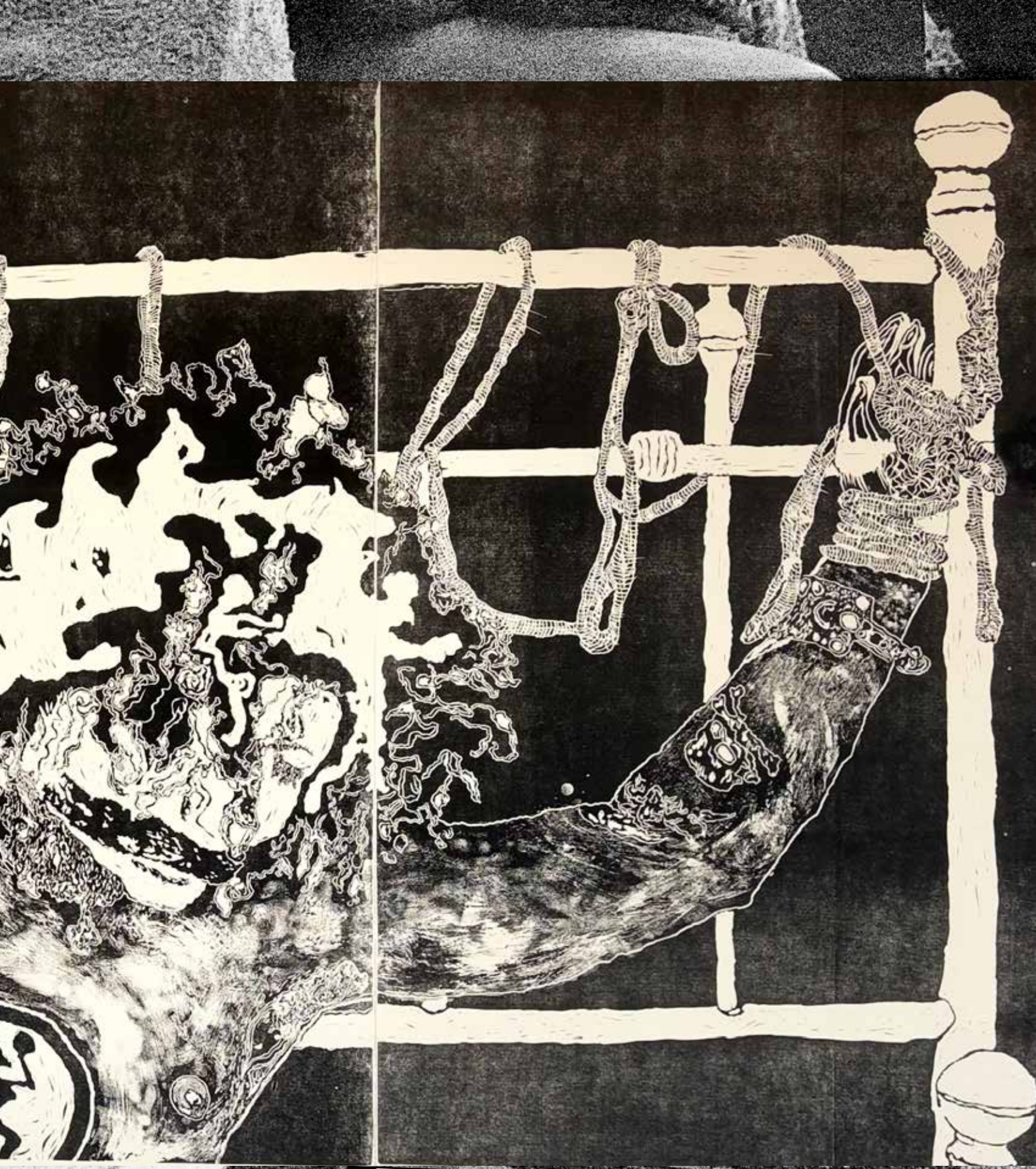
Tearing up asphalt
wheels gunning towards our spiral inferno
    all points collide and lead to eruption.
I'm stroking her gear shift on drive
    she rubs my wet door handle.
Our aim is simple:
I drive on the wrong side of the road
    like a matador, car in place of red cape.
No seatbelt she tells me, eyes wanting as doe
    I am Death's Angel with scythe in my hand.

Fingers lick leather
    and taste her thigh trembling
my heart beats like a sputtering engine
    feeling every pump of blood rushing to my cunt
to my cunt, if only the door handle instead
eyes blur, the road becomes a haze
    what looks like our car through a mirror
I see a vision: two grilles smother each other with kisses
my lover, launched, from our interior to the stranger's
    she explodes, flesh splashing everywhere.
Mouthless whispers in my ear
    pull out, pull out and avoid her inferno
no, remember the eyes,
    the doe, longing for her violence.
Must not cross yellow lines.



The moment approaches,
metallic bull careens head long.
The driver pierces our scene, his eyes
public spectacle fulfills our desire
        for daggers
I overheat
I think of love, I think of sweet murder
But I can't help seeing a certain car crash inside her black pupil:
        her leg souring in the air
        blood caked over my windshield
        Mangled car bodies eaten by fire

My hands and the wheel become separate
The car is a car, effable distinction
between myself and the vehicle
        for my phallic desires,
door handles and gear shifts
        to be the plastic extension of myself.
Now I feel the administered sex
the vagina unable to penetrate my love
and I drift   BANG
she holds my face steady in her eyes
Asshole rubbing against the tip of my gear shift
Wet oil dripping from her cock,
her breathless murmur spells faster
and my downstairs lips drool.
I slam on the gas; hands merge with wheel.
And I swerve
feet away from the morgue.



GIGI KOTALIK

REPLY FRAGMENTS OF
“To all the closeted femboys”,
r/femenineboys, 4y ago.
Marcy Flanagan 2025

It's eating me up inside. No one in my family will understand.
I live half of my life in secret due to abusive family. If they knew I was a bi femboy I would be thrown out of my house and possibly become homeless.

I didn't even fully understand what I wanted in my life until after I joined the Army and now I'm committed to this for a good 6+ years and won't be able to really let myself be me.

It's so scary I need someone to help me come out.

I'm never coming out of the closet cuz i simply asked my parents for a pink hoodie and they replied with "ehh no, bit too girly don't you think". Girly is such a childish word to use cuz it pushes gender roles on guys wanting to be themselves. This brings me to the conclusion that they would never look at me the same if I asked to buy just a simple skirt.

Bro I love being closeted, just thinking about the fact that I can wear fem clothes and NOBODY even knows or when I'm at the table listening to people yap knowing damn well I was just wearing a skirt five minutes ago gives me an evil grin and makes me feel like some sort of supervillain or super spy or sum :3

(the only problem is that god still knows, he sees all sin and you can not hide from him)

I know its six months after you posting this but it's really hard, I can't get any clothes by myself (i'm fourteen) so I have to wait and I just want to unleash my feminine side anyway I hope someone responds at least to say hi thanks for reading bye <333

I really want to tell my bro but he's done so much in Afghanistan I'm not sure telling him is the best choice I really want to tell him so I can get it off my chest cause he's always been there for me.

I even wear my thigh highs when i'm sleeping sometimes, because i can't dress myself often.

s0meth1ng @bs0lute
there 1s electr1c1ty buzz1ng under my sk1n @ga1n
1'm @shamed 0f 1t
1t be1ng someth1ng 1ntr1ns1c t0 my ex1stence
1t 1s t00 h@rd t0 n0t w@nt
yet 1'm @w@re 1 @m undeserv1ng 0f @ny 0f 1t
reg@rdless 1'd st1ll pull street l1ghts w1th my 0wn teeth,
k1ss p0wer l1nes unt1l my ve1ns s1zzle @nd burn
c@ught between hum1l1ty @nd self degr@d@t10n
1 @m @t le@st br@ve or 1d10t1c en0ugh t0 c0nfess
wh1le s1tt1ng here stuck @t @n 1mp@sse

RORY

AURORA

DRAW A TARGET ON THE SOFT UNDERBELLY.
LEARN WHERE TO SINK TEETH,
HOW TO DRAW BLOOD.
PRESS BRUISES BONE DEEP
AND PUSH BLADE TIPS INTO PULSE POINTS.
LEAVE KISSES THAT STAIN.
SQUEEZE FINGERS AROUND A WANTING THROAT.
WITH EYES GLASSY,
AND THIGHS SPLAYED WIDE.
PASSION THAT BURNS TOO HOT
LIKE MOLTEN LAVA DRIPPING FROM THE EARTH'S CORE,
LIKE THE WARMTH BLOOMING BENEATH YOUR NAVEL.

MASON HARPER

POTTY TRAINING

PUBLIC RESTROOM DESIGN AS THEATERS OF GENDER AND POWER

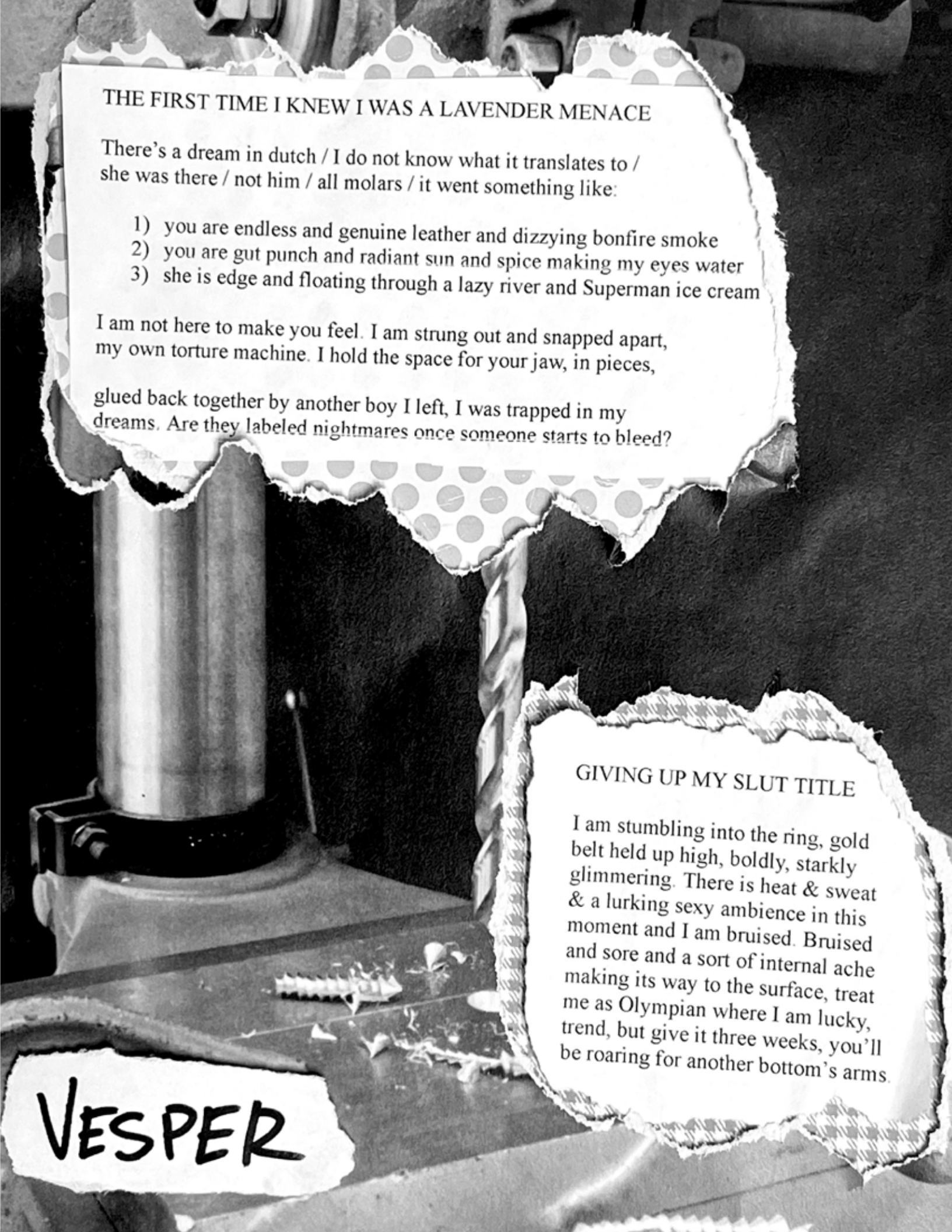
POSTOBON

Ohhhh
How You fuck me.
Trace your fingers down
my too-sensitive skin; I writhe
at your every touch, shocks
ripple through me. My insides are warm,
a small electrical fire breaks out in my tummy.

My cunt clenches
around your fingers that aren't yet there,
I feel your hot breath on my clit
before your mouth has left mine.
Our dicks grind together and
take me apart, I find myself again
inside you.

You prove your strong
bite in each deep bruise, your gentle
hands hit so nicely, cup my face lovingly
in your palm as it strikes. I beg
for more and harder hits. How could I
not when I feel such love
at each point where wood kisses skin.

Your dick feels so
like home, nested deep
in my puppycunt. I can't think
or speak, just gasp and whine
and bark and moan as u break my hole
break my brain. All I want is to be
a good pup, to be ur good girl. Tell me
how good I am, please
tell me how good I am.
Good hole
Good fox
Good girl



THE FIRST TIME I KNEW I WAS A LAVENDER MENACE

There's a dream in dutch / I do not know what it translates to /
she was there / not him / all molars / it went something like:

1) you are endless and genuine leather and dizzying bonfire smoke
2) you are gut punch and radiant sun and spice making my eyes water
3) she is edge and floating through a lazy river and Superman ice cream

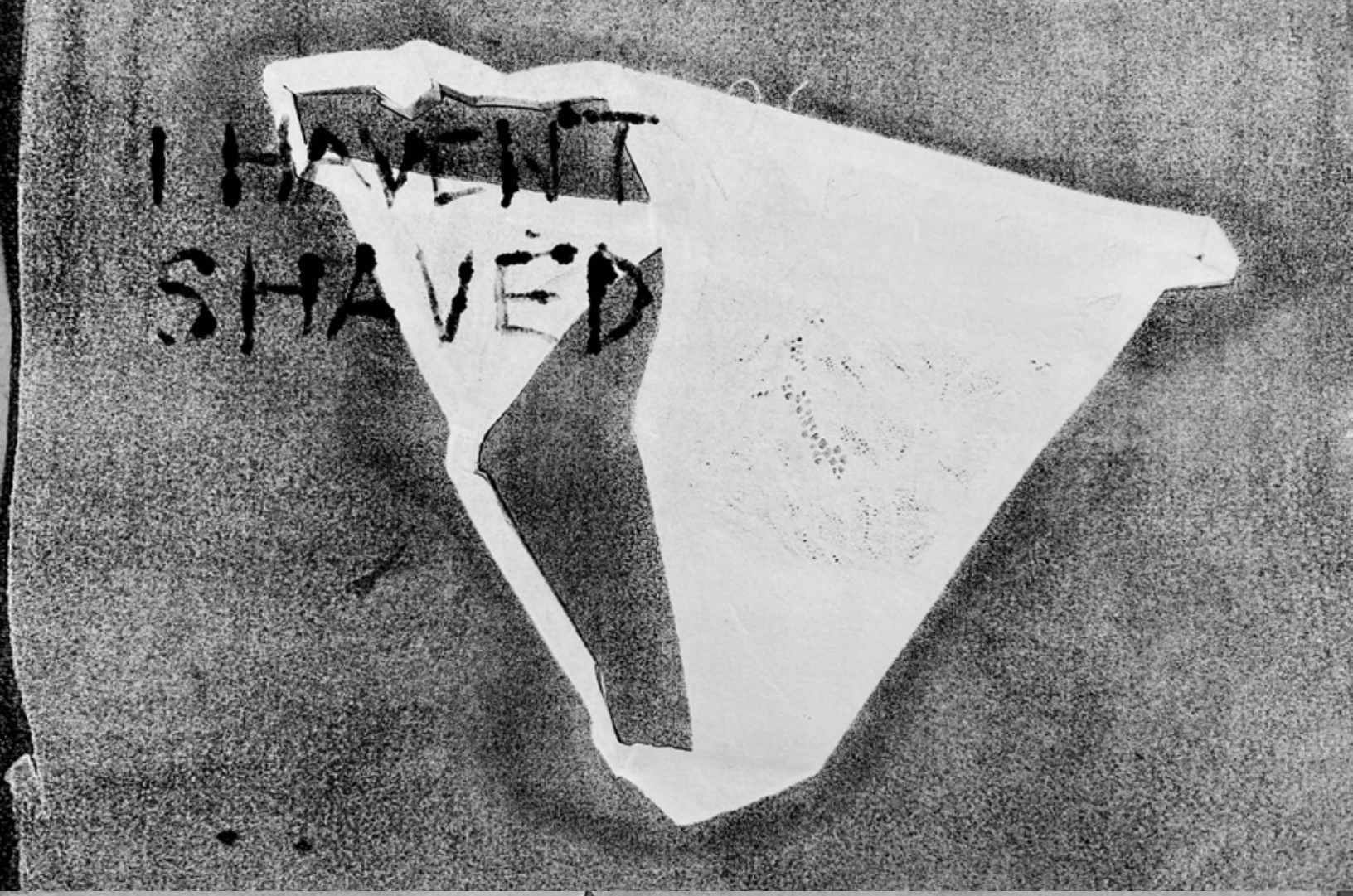
I am not here to make you feel. I am strung out and snapped apart,
my own torture machine. I hold the space for your jaw, in pieces,

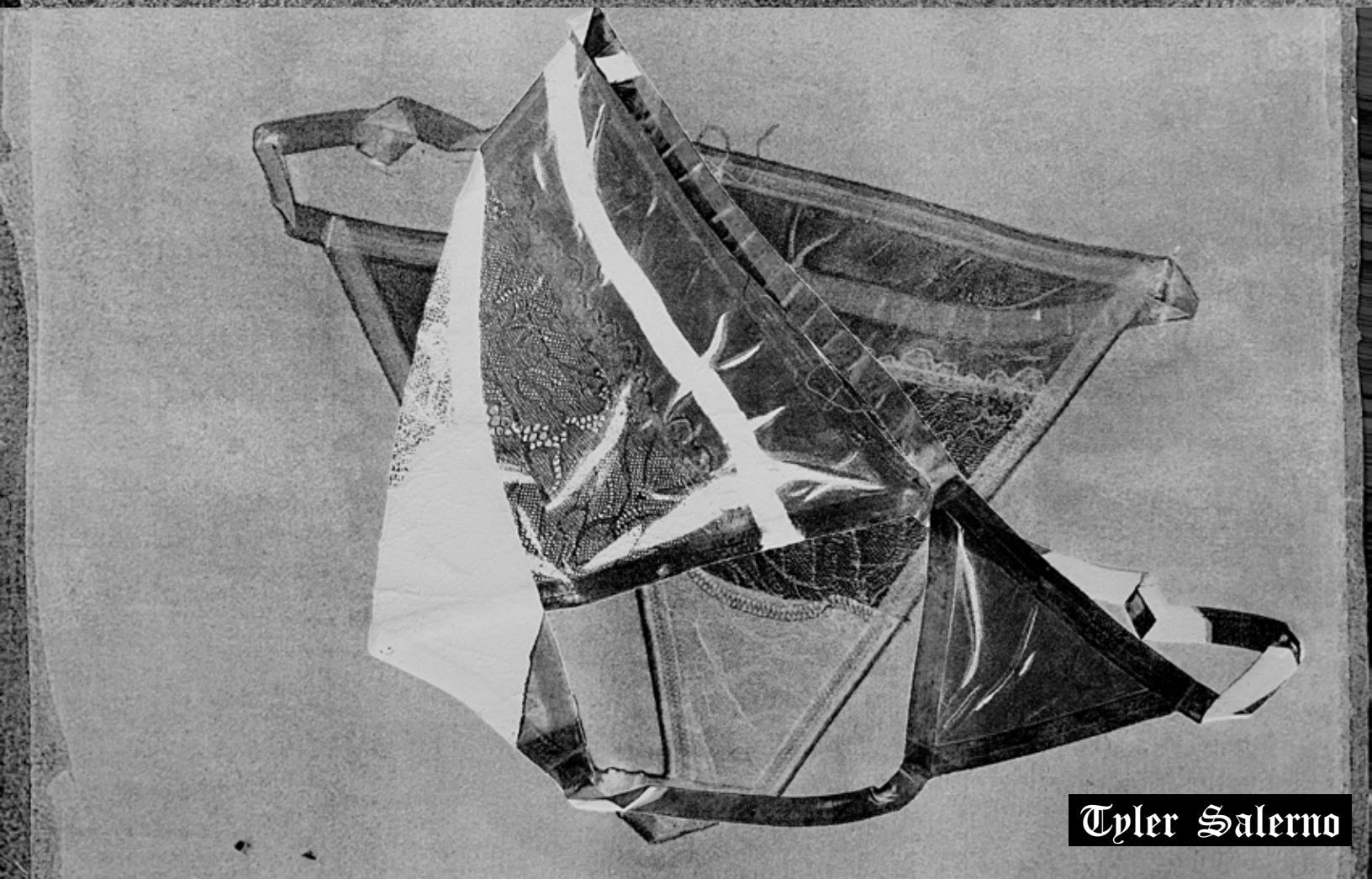
glued back together by another boy I left, I was trapped in my
dreams. Are they labeled nightmares once someone starts to bleed?

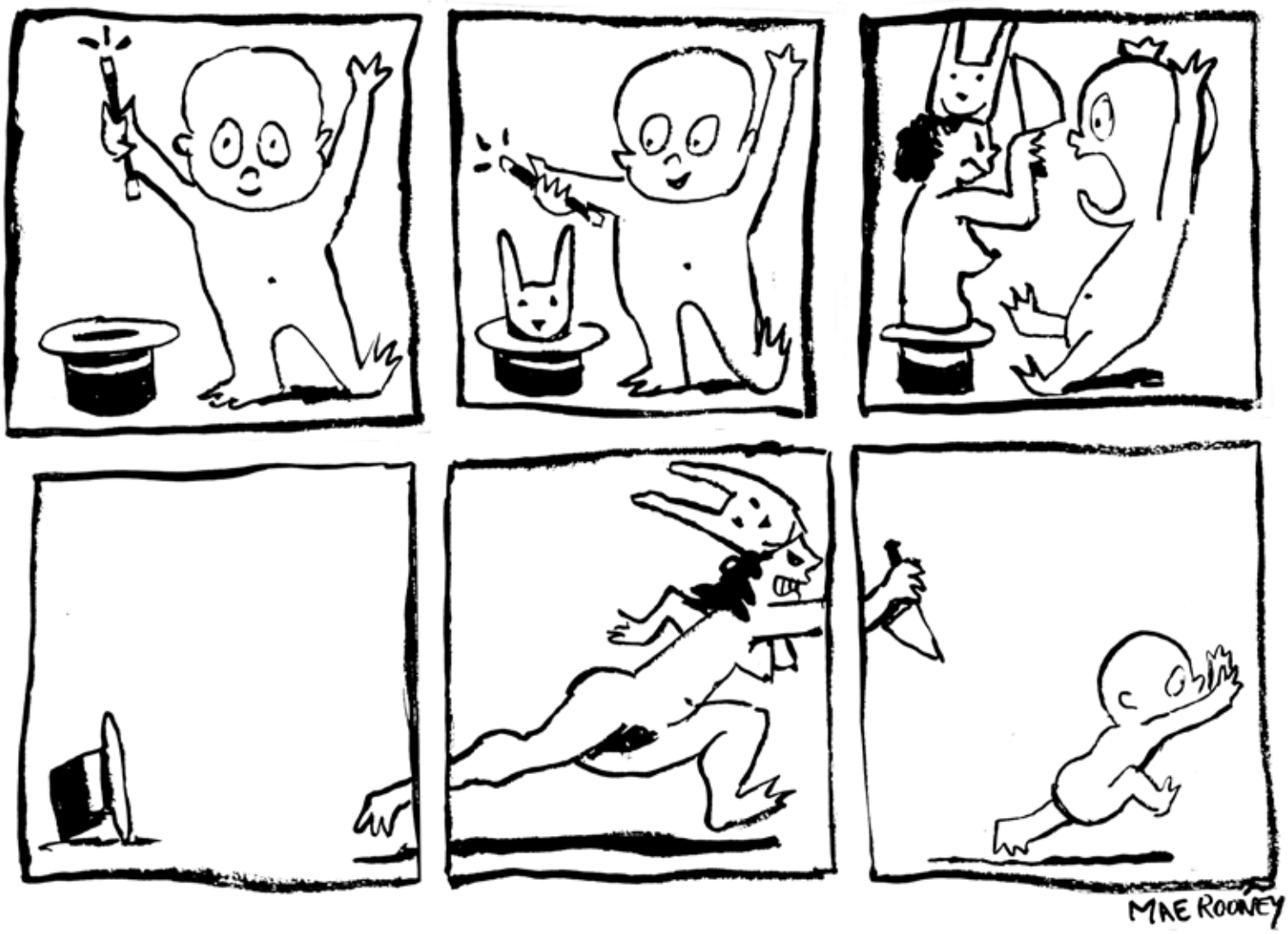
GIVING UP MY SLUT TITLE

I am stumbling into the ring, gold belt held up high, boldly, starkly glimmering. There is heat & sweat & a lurking sexy ambience in this moment and I am bruised. Bruised and sore and a sort of internal ache making its way to the surface, treat me as Olympian where I am lucky, trend, but give it three weeks, you'll be roaring for another bottom's arms.

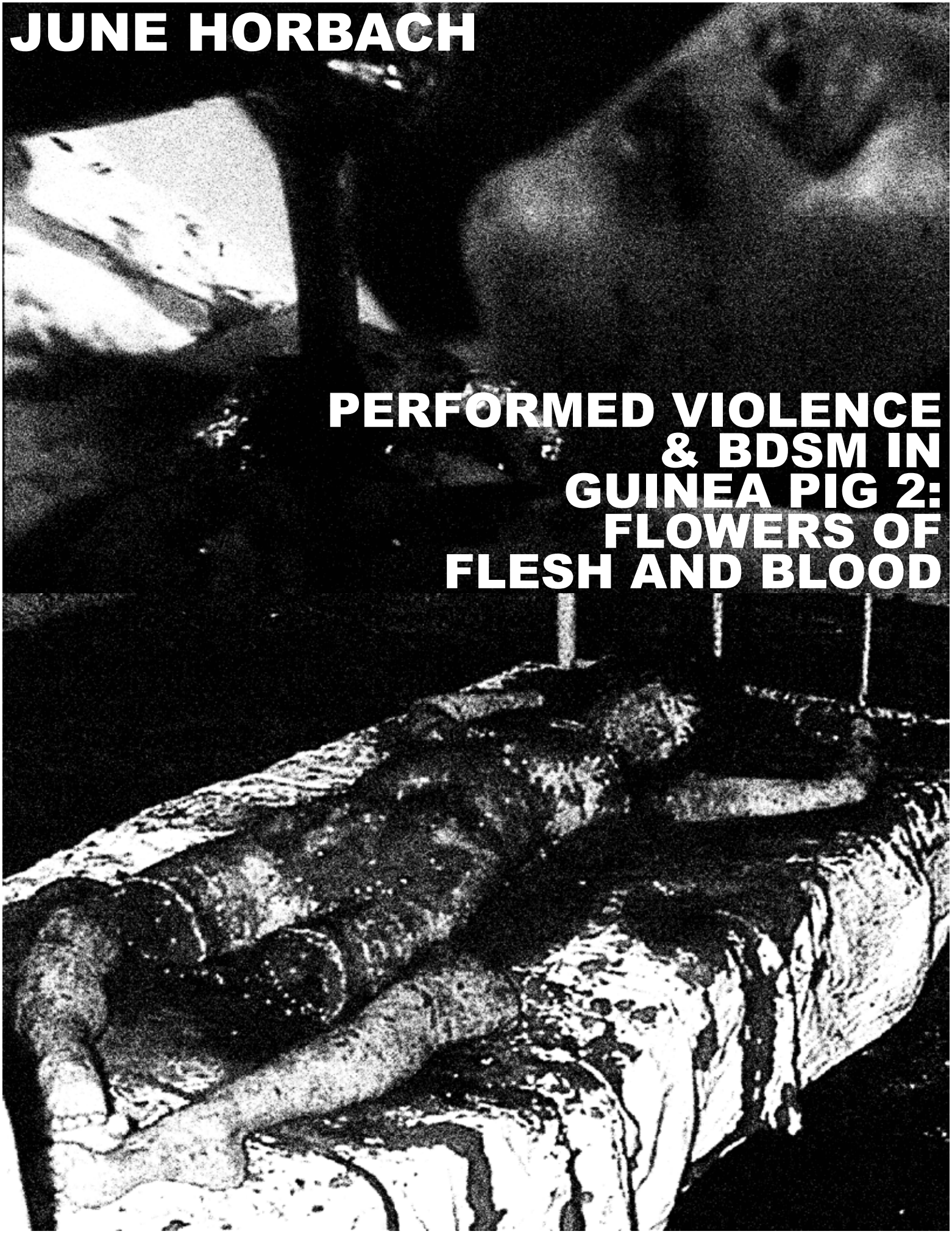
VESPER


I HAVEN'T
SHAVED


Tyler Salerno


MAE ROONEY

JUNE HORBACH



PERFORMED VIOLENCE & BDSM IN GUINEA PIG 2: FLOWERS OF FLESH AND BLOOD

Guinea Pig 2: Flowers of Flesh and Blood is a film where a man dressed as a samurai mutilates a woman for forty minutes. Despite that, it is not simply torture for its own sake. Unlike the first film in the franchise: *Guinea Pig Devil's Experiment,* director Hideshi Hino's film is a meditation on the crossroads between beauty and violence, where the collision of the two creates a heightened beauty and pleasure. This is not a film where sadistic men brutalize a poor innocent woman, it is a joining of two bodies who need each other to reach the desired eruptive orgasm. Akin to principles within BDSM, *Guinea Pig 2* is built upon symbolic violence to illustrate the inner beauty that this violence can harbor within a sexual framework.

Regardless of what the film eventually turns into, it must be stated and made clear that the sexuality which flourishes starts from a place of non-consent; The woman that is to be dismembered is stalked and kidnapped by the samurai. This at first places the movie in tone with *Devil's Experiment* as a pointless femicidal dirge, but instead, Hino meta-textualizes the film, morphing the way in which this scene can be viewed. The film begins with a text crawl, and while the translation is not the best, it still helps to set up the tone *Guinea Pig 2* is to be approached from. The crawl reads,

It was in April 1985, the time of full cherry blossoms in Tokyo, bizarre cartoonist Hideshi Hibino [*sic*] received one horrible parcel from an unidentified person who calls himself an enthusiastic fan of the cartoonist, Hideshi Hibino. The parcel contained one 8mm film, 54 still pictures, and a 19-page letter. The letter told the cartoonist that a horrible and bizarre crime seemed to have been performed by the person of aesthetic paranoia in some secret place. The 8mm film was considered to be a vivid and authentic film showing an unidentified man chop the body of a woman into pieces and put her into his collection... Hideshi Hibino newly created this video as a restructured semi-documentary based on the 8mm film, pictures and letter. *(*00:15-01:01)

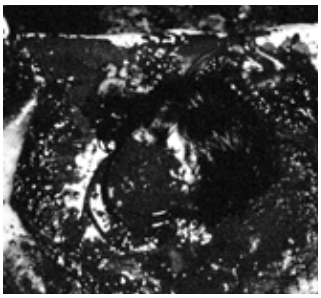
With this preface, on the textual level, *Guinea Pig 2* becomes an ekphrastic work, the fictional director, Hideshi Hibino creating a film inspired by a supposedly real snuff film. On a metatextual level, *Guinea Pig 2*, is a reflection on the recreation of violence as art. In maintaining a level of distance from reality, Hino forces the audience not to see the violence portrayed as expressly literal because of the implication of the fake director into the plot, thus allowing and inviting the audience to indulge in their desire to watch filth; he knows that we know we are watching a movie and do not want to be shamed for enjoying it. When the woman is followed and kidnapped it is not meant to be taken as the film's reality, rather, there is always the director present, the scene is controlled. This tunes the audience to pay attention to how the film is shot. There is a moment in the kidnapping when the samurai finally gets ahold of the woman. In this moment the camera is placed in such a way that there not only had to be more than one person accompanying the samurai, but also deliberation on his part to capture the shot so that the woman runs into frame in her attempted escape (02:36-02:54). *Guinea Pig 2* is not violence, but the performance of violence, the audience is deliberately told that they are watching a recreation of a snuff film; what they are about to see is not the "real and shocking truth" but a play, a fantasy. By positioning the film as a film, the kidnapping is now a simulation with

multiple takes and camera angles, a director, actors, lighting technicians all coming together to make this thing a reality, and that thing is beauty, the film and the actions portrayed. However, I will not try to argue that the kidnapping becomes comfortable to watch. Assault is assault whether simulated or otherwise, and that fact hinders the enjoyment of fantastic violence. But the danger and disgust this scene creates also helps the film in that it sets up the pain that is to be subverted once the woman is in the samurai's domain.

The tonal subversion of the samurai's monologue strips the audience's fear and uncovers the hidden beauty within the horror. The monologue begins, "The woman is at present in a state of ecstasy from an injection of drugs. She feels no pain at all, as you see. Not only does she feel no pain but the feeling is rather pleasurable" (15:52-16:03). What is this beauty, because Hino seems to know it is strange, enough to warrant a fourth-wall breaking monologue, but what is the significance to the woman now feeling pleasure? The narrative shift from pain to pleasure subverts the initial horror of the kidnapping, while not diminishing the emotions it produces; pain is replaced with pleasure, but the danger of pain is always present. The knife still cuts, the wounds still bleed, the only difference is the emotional reaction to the violence, thus recontextualizing the film henceforth, a context that must always include the kidnapping, but the meaning behind the kidnapping shifting to accompany the pleasure that blooms in its wake. This is not an idea *Guinea Pig 2* shares alone, as the conception of pain as pleasure is a concept common within BDSM. It is the simple as the joy of a whip cracking against one's back, as seen in Solo Weave's short story "On The Beam" from the Lesbian BDSM anthology *Coming to Power*. It is not a coincidence that this damage inflicted by the dominant party uses the metaphor of "her lover's hands reaching inside, tearing her edges apart is a sudden wild rip that left no time for decisions" (Weaves 18). The outcome of this kind of sex is to tear apart the body, to become intensely aware of every part of oneself, to understand oneself, and use it all for the sake of pleasure; one must know all that they are and what they desire when their lover tears into their flesh. The pleasure reaction is the key to *Guinea Pig 2's* beauty because its contingencies reveal what qualifies as pleasure which in practice creates the beauty the samurai speaks of. The pleasure is always tied to pain, even the injection, a quite forceful image, is proof that the pleasure must be preceded by pain; if the woman is to enjoy her mutilation—enjoyment being a prerequisite to the mutilation—she would have to be stabbed by a needle. Once the prerequisite is complete, the art can commence. The samurai continues, "When her bright red blood starts to creep voluptuously and creature-like on her white skin, like blossoms of blood and flesh blooming in a sea of red, truly a dazzling, intoxicating rapture. There is nothing more beautiful in life than this. I am going to show you the ideal beauty" (16:06-16:13). With the rules of beauty established it only makes logical sense to pair and contrast violence with poetic similes to nature because that is the emotion produced by the violence, the result of the mutilation: a gorgeous bouquet. The nature of the monologue presents this imagery as a beautiful truth, a final statement of the practice that cannot be denied or revised; this is his magnum opus, his resounding stance on the matter from which all others will derive from. He talks at the audience in this way, leaving them to either agree and continue the viewing with an indulgent mindset, or disagree and reject the film thereafter. It is quite the limited scope, but the indulgence granted to the audience is unlike any seen in the *Guinea Pig* series thus far: *Devil's Experiment* seems devoted to scaring the audience away from it, and the comedic work of the third and fourth films: *He Never Dies* and *Devil Woman Doctor,* invite the audience to indulge in a violence that is nothing but a joke.

None of them seduce the audience into the filth like *Flowers of Flesh and Blood,* because none of them try to understand and illustrate the seduction of violence.

Unlike a BDSM scene, the sex in *Guinea Pig 2* is not shown to be the work of trust between the woman and the samurai. The woman would probably be better titled as the victim in this analysis as her power in the situation is quite absent; she is kidnapped and forced to play the samurai's game; she is forced to feel the pleasure he administers. But why then does the film not stir up feelings of disgust? If the film is not like the torture porn of *Guinea Pig 1*, then why is this film's depiction of power and control between a master and victim not abhorrent? The matter of power is discussed in Barbara Rose's section from *Coming to Power* entitled "Reasons." She writes,



I want her to take me, totally away from my life, away from my rational world. Only in bed do I remember my toes, my thighs, my sensitive hands... Her mouth sucking my fingers sends moans to my lips—I become my fingers, my fingers are my cunt, her mouth my own. She stops sucking, I breath, savoring the sensations in my body, wanting more, knowing she will give me what I want, knowing that she will push me only as far as I allow her to go." (Rose 14)

The concentration on limbs is a main attribute of the samurai's mutilation of the woman, assiduously carving and severing arms, hands, and legs. Every cut is laced with sex, every tear an orgasm administered by the phallic knife he wields. It's a quite literal interpretation of the French saying for the orgasm, *la petit mort*: the little death. The samurai brings the audience face to face with death, the victim staring at it headlong, laughing in its face, because they will not cry and wallow on death's door—no, they'd rather masturbate instead, inviting death to join them in exchange for their life. The body becomes a vehicle for pleasure, not simply relegated to genitalia, rather, the body substitutes it; fingers are the cunt. Rose does not name these players of the game she writes, because what she writes is a formula towards desire, how to make the thing work without a hitch. The one receiving has no name because they are a role to embody; the administrator has no name because they too are a role to embody. Two parts of the pleasure they wish to create. Likewise, the woman has no name, and neither does the samurai. But unlike Rose's description which is situated from the view of the receiver, *Guinea Pig 2* is presented from the view of the samurai, and like Rose's description, the eyes from which the reader or audience experiences the art is from eyes that can be filled by anyone. The samurai as a killer is not like how Ted Bundy or any other famous serial killer is a killer. Ted Bundy is a man. There is history, a harsh consequence to the lust he felt, a reality of all the lives he stole, all the women no-one remembers the name of. The samurai is not Ted Bundy, he's just the samurai, an image, an abstract only being concrete in the context of the film, without it, no one would know who he is, he only exists in the film's context.

There is a question of who the object of desire in Guinea Pig 2 is. It is a question that can only be answered relatively. In "Reasons" the object of desire is the administrator of pleasure, likewise, in *Guinea Pig 2*, I desire the samurai. His is the sentiment I want in my bed. Even if the woman may not trust him in the film, I trust him, because I know that what he wants is to pleasure his victim, the pain being that which is beautiful and desired. What he does to the woman is what I want done to me, because I know that all he wants is to make me cum, otherwise he wouldn't inject the pleasure drug.

DIMOTI

GENDERFUCK.NEOCITIES.ORG